

PS

2593

P77L3

Lays of
Quakerdom



LAYS OF QUAKERDOM

Plumley, Benjamin Rush

LAWS *of* QUAKERDOM

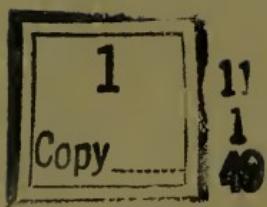
By
“RUTH PLUMLEY”

Reprinted from
THE KNICKERBOCKER
OF
1853-54-55

THE BIDDLE PRESS
PHILADELPHIA

185 - ?

PS2593
P77L3



11
1
40

- I. THE EXECUTION OF MARY DYER.
- II. VISIT OF MARY FISHER TO THE
SULTAN MOHAMMED IV.
- III. JAMES PARNELL,
THE QUAKER PROTO-MARTYR.

THE EXECUTION OF MARY DYER, AT BOSTON, JUNE FIRST, 1660.

MARY DYER was a respectable woman, the wife of a reputable inhabitant of Rhode Island, and the mother of several children. Believing it to be her duty to accompany two friends to Boston, to induce the authorities to repeal the sanguinary laws against Quakers and other dissenters, they went there in September, 1659. The three were arrested "for being Quakers," tried as heretics, and banished under pain of death, being allowed two days to depart. Found subsequently within the jurisdiction, they were again arrested and sentenced to death. The two men were executed on the afternoon of October twenty-seventh, and their dead bodies subjected to the most revolting indignities; denied burial, or coffins, or clothing, they were thrown naked into a pit, which happening to fill with water, alone protected them from beasts of prey.

MARY DYER was reprieved under the gallows at the intercession of her son, and sent home; but returning in April following, she was again arrested, the sentence confirmed, and led to execution on the morning of June first, 1660.

The distance to the gallows was one mile; and the drums were ordered to beat whenever she attempted to speak on her way thither. On the scaffold her life was again offered her, if she would forever depart the jurisdiction; but she could not accept such conditions.

Her meekness, Christian endurance, and death, aroused great sympathy in the colonies, as well as in England, and she was the last but one of the Quakers put to death in America, for the royal mandamus of CHARLES II., requiring their liberation from prison and exemption from persecution, was signed by the King, September ninth, 1660, and proclaimed in New England about two months after; whereupon the Quakers held a general thanksgiving in Boston.

History has few examples of greater suffering, or of higher heroism, than were endured and exhibited by the early Quakers in various parts of the world.

THE EXECUTION OF MARY DYER,
AT BOSTON, JUNE FIRST, 1660.

I.

WITH his household, quaint and simple,
In his manly prime,
By the fire-light sat a QUAKER,
In the winter time;
Moved in feeling by the pealing
Of the Christmas chime:
Little looked he to the outward;
Feasts and holy days,
To his inward faith and worship,
Were as worldly ways;
But he scoffed not at the symbols
Of the people's praise.
Little loved he art or music,
And his fire-light falls,
In fantastic shape and semblance,
O'er ungarnished walls:
But he loved the blessed teaching
Which the chime recalls.
All so still he sate, and solemn,
While his own high thought,
Thronged upon his ample forehead,
Such a stillness wrought,
That the mystic spell of SILENCE
All around him caught.
Sweetly looked they in that circle,
Wife and children three;
Two brave boys beside the mother
Hushed their boyish glee;

Lays of Quakerdom

And a fair young girl was kneeling
At her father's knee.

II.

OUTWARD, with its sweet evangel
On the ear of TIME,
Upward far, to meet the star-light,
Swept the sounding chime,
As the centuries shall hear it
Ever more, sublime.
From the ages dim and distant,
Through the pealing bell,
Rolled anew the inspirations
From His lips that fell,
On the ancient Mount of Olives,
By Samaria's well,
While the echo star-ward dying,
Seemed each martyr's knell.

III.

"FATHER, tell us of the Quakers,"
(Did the children say,)
"How the cruel Pilgrim rulers
Drove the Friends away;
Tell us how they whipped and killed them
In that olden day,
When they hung poor MARY DYER—
Cruel men were they."

IV.

FEARFUL was the inward conflict
Ere he made reply,
For his nature, brave and martial,
Broke so bold and high

The Execution of Mary Dyer

Into flame along his forehead,
 Lightning from his eye,
As the martyrs of his people
 Passed in spirit by,
Looked he like a warrior waiting
 For the battle-cry.
So the fiery indignation
 Through his pulses ran,
For a moment, ere the Christian
 Triumphed o'er the Man;
And his tones were deep and thrilling
 As the tale began:

V.

SATE the Puritanic rulers,
 In a stately row,
ENDICOTT, with scowl and scorning
 On his lip and brow,
While a herd of vulgar bigots
 Thronged the court below;
Then came MICHELSON the Marshal,
 Filled with savage ire,
Through the motley crowd of gazers,
 Thrusting MARY DYER,
With her quiet, grave demeanor,
 In her quaint attire;
As the people pressed asunder
 Round her foot-steps close,
From the bar she gazed serenely
 O'er a host of foes;
Then, the clerk commanding silence,
 ENDICOTT arose:

Lays of Quakerdom

VI.

"ARE you that same MARY DYER,
With blasphemous breath,
Whom our erring mercy saving
From the gulf beneath,
Banished from the jurisdiction
Under pain of death?"

Calm and steadfast then she answered:
"Truly I am she,
Whom your General Court appointed
To the gallows-tree,
Where ye sent our faithful martyrs
When ye banished me.
Lo! I come again to bid ye
Set GOD'S servants free!"

"By the council that condemned you
You were fairly tried;
And we reaffirm the sentence,"
ENDICOTT replied:
"In the prison until morning
Safely you abide;
Then, be hanged upon the gallows
Where your brethren died.
Look not for a second respite—
Hope for aid from none;
Fixed the awful fate that waits you
With to-morrow's sun."

"Then," replied she, slow and solemn,
"*Let God's will be done;*
To the power that kills the body

The Execution of Mary Dyer

He hath bid us yield;
Weapons of a carnal warfare
Are not ours to wield;
HE will clothe us in HIS armor—
Guard us with HIS shield."

VII.

THEN she seemed to rise in stature,
And her look was high;
And there was a light of glory
Beaming from her eye,
As she were by angel-presence
Touched to prophecy.
Startled by the transformation
Sate the rulers proud;
Wondering at her awful beauty
Gazed the vulgar crowd;
While her words went through the stillness,
Ringing clear and loud.

VIII.

"Now I feel prophetic visions
Filling all my soul:
In their light the mists and shadows
From the future roll.
Lo! I see a power arising
Ye shall not control;
E'en the LORD of HOSTS, in mercy,
Seeking all your land;
Judge and ruler, priest and people,
In HIS presence stand;
And your boasted power HE holdeth
In His mighty hand.

Lays of Quakerdom

Cease your cruel persecutions
Ere these days expire,
And HE cometh in HIS judgments
With consuming fire,
As of old HE came to Edom,
To Sidon and to Tyre,
And ye reap a bloody harvest,
Reap as ye have sown,
And the lofty spires ye builded
Reel and thunder down,
And the woe of desolation
Fills your ruined town;
In deserted habitations
Only DEATH may dwell
When GOD leaveth no one living
Of HIS wrath to tell.
Cease, oh! cease your persecutions—
All may yet be well.”
So she ended. Awe and silence
O'er the council fell.

IX.

“AND did GOD,” asked little MARY,
“All the town destroy?”

“Wait and hear the story ended,”
Said the elder boy:
“If they ceased their persecutions,
God would not destroy.”

X.

MORNING o'er the Pilgrim city
Breaking still and sweet,

The Execution of Mary Dyer

Heard the deep and mingled murmur
 Of the hurrying feet,
And the voices of the people
 Thronging to the street;
From afar the heavy rolling
 Of the muffled drum,
With the measured tread of soldiers
 And the general hum,
Warned the captive in the prison
 That the hour had come.

All her simple garb arranging
 With a decent care,
Knelt she in a holy silence,
 Lost in secret prayer,
While her radiant face attested
 GOD was with her there.
At the Marshal's brutal summons
 Came she, firm and meek,
Saying: "All this show to escort
 One so poor and weak?"
But they beat the drums the louder
 When they heard her speak.

XI.

ARMS were clashing, eyes were flashing,
 In that thick array,
As the Puritan exulting
 Rode along the way;
For he led the hated Quaker
 To her death that day.
Were they men, brave men, and noble,
 Chivalrous and high,

Lays of Quakerdom

Marshaled thus against a WOMAN,
And no champion by?
Were they husbands, sons, and fathers,
And their households nigh,
When they led a WIFE and MOTHER
For her faith to die?

XII.

ON the scaffold MARY DYER
Standeth silent now,
With the martyr's crown of glory
Kindling round her brow:
And her meek face bent in pity
On the crowd below:
Then Priest WILSON, full of scorning,
Cried: "Repent! repent!"
But she answered: "I have sought you,
By our FATHER sent;
Sought *you*, cruel persecutors,
That *you* might repent."

"Will you leave us, leave us ever,
Vex us never more,
If your vagrant life we give you,
As we gave before:
To your distant home and kindred
Once again restore?"

XIII.

MOVED the mighty deep within her
For a little space,
And a surge of human feeling
Broke across her face;

The Execution of Mary Dyer

Then out-shone the greater glory
 Of the heavenly grace,
As all loves of earth descended
 To their lower place,
Seemed she in transfiguration;
 Such a light was shed,
Like a halo from her spirit
 Round about her head,
That o'er all the ghastly gibbet
 The effulgence spread.

XIV.

THEN one WEBB, the burly captain,
 Rising roughly said:
“MARY, be your blood upon you;
 False you are led;
By the LAW, which you have broken,
 Not by us, 'tis shed.”
And he gave the fearful signal,
 While she meekly bowed:
Fell the fatal drop beneath her;
 Women shrieked aloud,
And a cold and dismal shudder
 Ran through all the crowd.

XV.

FOR the people stood awe-stricken
 When the deed was done;
Some who seemed to feel a shadow
 Stealing o'er the sun,
Feared the dreaded day of vengeance
 Had that hour begun;
Some believed they saw the spirit

Lays of Quakerdom

With their outward eyes,
In its shining shape and semblance
Glorified, arise,
With a slow majestic motion
Floating to the skies;
Ever upward, upward ever,
Star-like, out of view,
Smiling as it joined the angels,
Smiling still, adieu;
And all these believed the martyr's
Faith and Word were true.

XVI.

Not in vain had MARY DYER
Lived and prophesied,
For the noble Pilgrim people
Curbed their ruler's pride.
Though the scorned and hated Quakers
Grew and multiplied,
For their faith one other martyr
Was the last who died.

VISIT OF MARY FISHER TO THE SULTAN
MOHAMMED IV.
AT ADRIANOPOLE, 1658.

MARY FISHER, on her return from New England, where she met severe treatment, set out on her mission to MOHAMMED IV., then encamped with his army without Adrianople. She reached Smyrna by sea, but the English Consul sent her back to Venice, no doubt believing her to be crazy, as most people are charitably supposed to be who are in advance of their times. From Venice she made her way by land, on foot, to Adrianople, more than *six hundred miles*, through a country filled with soldiers and outlaws of every description; delivered her message to the Sultan, who assembled his staff, and received her in state, acknowledged her "mission," and the truth of what she said, and requested her to stay in his dominions. Upon her declining to do so, he offered her escort to Constantinople, saying that the country was full of danger, and he would not, on any account, harm should come to her in his kingdom. She declined his escort, and reached Constantinople and England in safety.

Some idea of the peril and privation of this journey may be had from MARY MONTAGUE's letters, who, as the wife of the English Ambassador, went to Adrianople nearly fifty years *after* MARY FISHER's visit, and erroneously states that *she* was the first Christian woman who had made the dangerous journey since the Greek Emperors, and POPE bewailed her as one environed by the greatest peril; whereas, the heroic Quakeress, defended by no guard, under the auspices of no Government—save that which is above all kingdoms—made the journey half a century before; and it may indicate how contemptuous must have been the feeling at that time toward the Quakers, seeing that this act of true heroism was not known to MARY MONTAGUE, even under the circumstances of a similar journey from the same country and city, and that no contemporaneous history records it, or any tradition preserves it, save the "Memorials of the Meeting," if there was any, to which the simple Quaker returned her credentials, if she had any, saying she "had performed the service to the peace and satisfaction of her own mind."

The Turkish power reached its height in the reign of MOHAMMED IV., at the successful termination of the siege of Candia, and began its decline in the same reign at the Turkish siege of Vienna, when SOBIESKI, King of Poland, came to the aid of Austria, and defeated the Turks with great slaughter.

MOHAMMED IV. was subsequently deposed, and died in the Seraglio, after five years' seclusion. He was a great and splendid Monarch, who reigned nearly fifty years, in the early part of which he extended his dominions and consolidated his power, reducing the janizaries of his kingdom, so long the dread of the ruler and the terror of the people. His speech on the occasion of his compulsory abdication, is a rare specimen of eloquence.

VISIT OF MARY FISHER TO THE
SULTAN MOHAMMED IV.
AT ADRIANOPLIS, 1658.

I.

THIS was Summer. Vapors golden
Crowning all the regal hills,
Hung like snowy veils of vestals
Swaying o'er the singing rills,
And along the Orient glowing
Drew their rosy curtaining
Backward from the sun, advancing
To his Empire like a King.
On the hillside lay the cattle
Stretching in the golden glow,
As it passed to wake the sleepers
In the quiet vale below.
Measured as the march of armies,
Filed the shadows o'er the grain
Bent beneath the spectral columns;
Trooping in an endless train.
Stately stood the trees, displaying
Pearls upon their leafy stems;
At the zephyrs' soft impleading,
Flinging down their diadems
To the humble grass beneath them
In an ample wealth of gems,
All the air was filled with fragrance,
Breathing through the voice of song;
Forth from hill, and stream, and woodland
Rolled the morning hymn along.

Lays of Quakerdom

II.

In the country, calm and holy,
When the Summer days were come,
With his household sat the Quaker
In their old paternal home;
Where the earth his fathers nourished
Long upon her bounteous breast,
When their simple lives were ended
Held them in unbroken rest;
Where primeval trees the homestead
In their vast embraces fold;
And within their solid fibres
Annals of the ages hold;
Ever to the life around them
By the leafy minstrels told.
Bending now, in stately gossip,
With the wandering Summer breeze:
Now in nobler strains relating
Stories of the centuries;
Now, like orators, declaiming,
Swaying into awful form;
Toss their arms and lift their voices
O'er the tumult of the storm;
All the day their lore repeating
In the heedless ear of strife;
All the night the calm stars listen
To their minstrelsy of life.

III.

To the lindens o'er the threshold,
On a glorious Summer day,
Came the merry children bounding
Fresh and blooming from their play;

Visit of Mary Fisher

Grouping round to hear their father
 Tell another Quaker Lay;
Tell them how brave MARY FISHER
 To the Sultan bore her *word*;
How the noble Turk received her
 And her *Message from the Lord*.
Low voiced, from subdued emotion,
 Ballad like, the tale began;
Sweetly in the Summer stillness
 Thus the simple story ran:

IV.

The Sultan MAHMOUD lay encamped
 Within his guarded hold;
Full fifty thousand men of war
 Were with their leader bold.
Full fifty thousand cimetars
 Flashed in the waning light,
And the brave Moslem only mourned
 Their weapons were so bright.
Flung out above the royal camp
 MOHAMMED's flag revealed
The shining crescent's silver rim
 Within its sacred field.
Stretched in the opening of his tent
 The mighty Chief reclined;
High purposes and vast designs
 Revolving in his mind.
The shadow of the lofty thought
 Fell slowly o'er his face,
And softened, in its noble lines,
 The fierceness of his race.
On costly tapestries of the East

Lays of Quakerdom

His royal person laid;
And gleamed amid the Tyrian dyes
 His keen Damascus blade.
The ample turban round his brow
 Leaned on his swarthy hand;
While his unconscious fingers plucked
 The jewels from the band.
His eye was resting on the flag
 As in its shade he lay,
Pondering on *Islam's* vast renown
 And wide extended sway.

V.

For then the Crescent's shining arch
 Flamed in the tropic sun,
And flashed where, up far Arctic nights,
 The northern streamers run.
From distant Asia's peopled plains
 And mountain steppes, afar,
Vast hordes of fierce believers came
 To *Islam's* holy war.
And the Great Vizier KIRPULI
 Was marching to his liege,
Triumphant with the trophies won
 At Candia's bloody siege.
The armies of the Faithful held
 Their undisputed way,
And the mute nations paled before
 The Moslem's dread array.

VI.

The Sultan dreamed of boundless power,
 To wield his conquering sword,

Visit of Mary Fisher

And make the unbelievers own
 The Prophet of the Lord;
To fling the banner of his Faith
 O'er Islam's ancient reign,
Above the valleys of Castile,
 The mountain heights of Spain.
In the great Temple of the Cross
 Marshal his Moslem force,
And make its sacred fane at Rome
 A stable for his horse!
The symbol of his perfect power,
 On Islam's flag unfurled,
Behold the crescent, round, and rise,
 Full orbed, upon the world!

VII.

As thus he lay, an Aga came,
 With many a low salaäm:
“What wouldst thou now?” the Sultan said,
 In accent deep and calm;
“Shadow of GOD: without the camp
 A Christian waits, abhorred,
Who bringeth from her English home
 ‘*A Message from the Lord.’”
They drove her thrice beyond the lines;
 Boldly again she came,
Demanding audience calm and high,
 In ALLAH’s holy name.
“A woman, saidst thou?” MAHMOUD rose,
 Still leaning on his hand:
“A woman, seeking Islam’s shrine
 From her own Christian land?”*

Lays of Quakerdom

"Most mighty Sultan, one who would
 Your royal harem grace:
Rich in the sweetness of her sex,
 The beauty of her race;
But not to Mecca's holy shrine
 Her pilgrim foot-steps came:
To preach the glory of the Cross
 In her own PROPHET'S name;
Not at the evening *Namas* bowed
 Her unbelieving head."

"And came she to the camp alone?"

"Alone!" the Aga said.
"Thus saith the infidel: Arrived
 At Smyrna by the sea;
Captive they sent her from the strand;
 At Venice set her free.
From thence on foot, two hundred leagues,
 Alone by night and day,
Her journey through a war-like land
 A weary distance lay.
(Our boldest Spahis could not ride
 Safely along that way.)
Her PROPHET gave her meat and drink,
 And nerved each sinking limb;
In clouds by day, by night in fire,
 He bade her follow him
To Adrianople's royal camp,
 (So saith her doubtful word,)
To bring the Refuge of the world
 '*A Message from the Lord.*'"

Visit of Mary Fisher

VIII.

The Sultan mused awhile, and spoke :
 “Caimakin, GOD is GOD ;
What wouldest *thou* with this infidel ?”

“Chastise her with the rod !”

Up to his feet the Sultan sprung ;
 His glance was stern and high ;
The Aga and Caimakin paled
 Before his flashing eye.

“Now by my Father’s soul,” he said,
 “My own right royal arm
Would from thy shoulders strike thy head,
 Shouldst thou that Christian harm.
The Prophet’s self had not inspired
 A sterner, loftier faith
To lift a woman’s soul above
 Danger, and toil, and death.
She *shall* have audience. To our staff
 Our royal mandate bear ;
We shall await them in our tent,
 After the morning prayer.
See thou that noble Christian, then,
 Straight to our audience led ;
And for her safety and repose
 Thou’lt answer with thy head.”

IX.

Morning, beyond the eastern hills
 Her glorious march begun ;

Lays of Quakerdom

And Adrianople's holy mosques
 Stood glittering in the sun.
The loud Muezzins' pious call
 Fell from the minaret;
Reverent the fierce believers all
 That sacred summons met.
The standard of the Prophet swung
 Slowly upon the air,
While its defenders in the camp
 Devoutly knelt in prayer.

X.

Alone, amid that turbanned host,
 By larger truth made free,
The Christian, at the call, withheld
 The homage of her knee.
Fierce bigots, with their eyes of fire,
 Saw her refuse to kneel ;
And swarthy hands, unclasped from prayer
 Convulsive clutched the steel.
Apart she sate, serene and still,
 Within the open tent;
To that devout delusion round
 Respectful pity lent.
Her spirit through the Sacred Courts
 Its own high path-way trod,
In the still temple of the soul
 Communing with her GOD.

XI.

As thus she sate, the Aga came,
 By the Caimakin sent,
To bid her, in the Sultan's name,

Visit of Mary Fisher

Attend him in his tent.
The fiery warriors, on her way,
 Gathered in silent wrath,
And, motionless as forms of bronze,
 Ranged them along her path.
Swarthy and grim on either side
 The breathing statues stood;
Two lines of sabres, half unsheathed,
 Seemed thirsting for her blood.
With folded hands and steady step,
 And eye in quiet, bent
Upon the savage throng, she passed
 Into the royal tent.

XII.

The Sultan, on a raised Divan,
 Sat in his splendid state;
Grouped in a crescent round the tent
 His staff and escort wait;
Warriors of grave and noble mien
 Ranged as they ranked in fame,
Who to that audience with the Giaour
 Slow and reluctant came.
Rich draperies of Damascus hung
 In many an ample fold;
(Old triumphs on their emerald ground
 Were wrought in gems and gold),
That backward from the Sultan's seat
 Were looped on either hand;
The *Mufti* and *Caimakin* stood
 Beside each jeweled band.
The Koran on a frame of pearl
 Its sacred page displayed;

Lays of Quakerdom

The Greek Dragoman, waiting near,
Profound obeisance made.

XIII.

Amid the dazzling splendor round,
In sweet and solemn mood,
The Quaker, in her humble garb,
Serene and simple stood,
Despite the Aga's frequent sign
To make her low salaäm;
Respectful, but unmoved remained,
Silent, and firm, and calm.

XIV.

"*Christian*," at length the Sultan said,
"We wait to hear thy word:
Declare it, neither less nor more,
Thy '*Message from the Lord*.'"

So still she stood, again he said:
"Speak what thou hast to say;
If these rude warriors waken dread,
My staff alone shall stay.
Speak freely, we have hearts to feel,
And ears prepared to hear;
And be thy message good or ill,
Speak, thou hast none to fear."

"I seek," she said, "the Life within,
Where strength and wisdom lie,
To give my utterance weight, and power,
And unction, from on high."

Visit of Mary Fisher

Gravely the listening Moslem heard,
 And patient and sedate;
Waiting the Christian's farther word
 The turbanned warriors sate.

XV.

Below, the encampment seemed to lay,
 That morning, hushed and still;
The distant chargers' friendly neigh
 Came faintly up the hill,
With sound of steel that peaceful rung
 From restless Spahis nigh,
As some impatient horseman flung
 His burnished armor by.
The ancient Hebrus rolled along
 By the old cypress groves,
From whose deep shade the turtle's song
 Proclaimed its peaceful loves.
The sun-light fell in waves of gold
 In all that bounteous clime.
Where melody and fragrance hold
 Perpetual Summer-time.
As Nature to that scene of strife
 Her holiest influence lent,
Subdued, the fierce surrounding life
 Throbbed through the silent tent.

XVI.

A light upon the Christian's face
 From her rapt spirit broke:
And slowly, with unconscious grace
 And solemn power, she spoke:

Lays of Quakerdom

XVII.

"Bold follower of thy Prophet, hear
 The *Message of the Lord*;
Ye men of carnal war, give ear
 Unto his living word.
The HOLY SPIRIT bade me leave
 My home and native land,
Bearing GOD's message in my heart,
 My life within my hand;
Led me in fire through dreary nights,
 In clouds through burning days;
O'er pathless deeps and mountain heights,
 And by untraveled ways;
To bid your Sultan in his youth
 Seek an immortal crown,
And build in GOD's eternal truth
 Your glory and renown:
To wield the great and growing power,
 Vouchsafed you from above,
To help establish in the earth
 Justice, and Truth, and Love;
To leave your heathen ways, and live
 The husband and the wife,
Around the sacred hearth of home
 A higher, holier life.
GOD made the union of the twain
 When first the race began;
Forever shall His act remain
 The marriage law of man.
GOD bids *thee*, great and mighty King,
 Thy wars and fightings cease,
And thy victorious armies bring
 To the pursuits of peace;

Visit of Mary Fisher

A greater than *thy* Prophet speaks ;
Hear thou His living word :
' Make of thy spear a pruning hook,
A plough-share of thy sword.
Thou mak'st a wilderness to howl
Where peopled cities stood,
And marchest through the affrighted earth
In surging seas of blood.
Before thee, horror and despair,
Ruin and death behind ;
Famine and pestilence are there,
Thou scourge of human kind !'

XVIII.

Clear and distinct her utterance fell
Upon the stillness round ;
The turbaned warriors half uprose
To catch the startling sound ;
As the Dragoman passed her words
Into their native tongue,
To strike the bold blasphemer down
A score of warriors sprung.
A ring of quivering sabres gleamed,
Grasped in each swarthy hand
But the bold bigots quailed before
The Sultan's high command.
A moment, o'er the Christian's head
The flashing weapons hung ;
Then each within its sheath of steel
Keen and reluctant rung.

XIX.

Unmoved and calm the Quaker stood,
But DEATH, as *he* drew nigh,

Lays of Quakerdom

Heightened the radiance of her face,
The lustre of her eye;
Deepened her clear and thrilling tone,
That o'er the turbaned throng,
Obedient to the Sultan's sign,
Unfaltering, rolled along.

XX.

“ ‘Tis written, and forever makes
Part of God’s holy Word,
‘Whoso the sword of warfare takes
Shall perish by the sword.’
Your cities stand upon the dust
Of nations passed away,
Who perished wholly; for their trust
In carnal weapons lay.
Israel, an alien, o'er the earth
Wanders without a home;
Lo! where are Persia, Syria now,
Egypt, and Greece, and Rome?
Forever lost to Time and Life!
Thus GOD fulfills His *Word*;
‘Whoso shall take the sword in strife
Shall perish by the sword,’
Islam shall not escape the woe
Of those who build by wrong;
Strong as thou art, great Sultan, know
That GOD is great and strong;
For principalities, nor powers,
Nor heights, nor depths untrod;
Things past, nor present, nor to come,
Limit the power of GOD.
Turn thou to peace! or GOD shall wring

Visit of Mary Fisher

The sceptre from thy hand,
And the great woe of nations bring
Upon thy favored land.
Then shall your Crescent's light go down
In darkness and in blood;
Forgot, your glory and renown,
Where once your temples stood."

XXI.

She ceased; and though above the throng
A solemn silence fell,
Deep in the hangings of the tent
Her utterance seemed to dwell.
Pale as a prophetess she stood;
Her eyes were filled with light;
Mutely the wondering warriors gazed,
The presence was so bright.
The aged *Mufti* stroked his beard,
Pondering on what he saw:
"An infidel! so filled with power
Without His holy law!"

XXII.

"Christian," the Sultan said, "we see
The Great GOD gives thee words.
Dwell in our land; we welcome thee;
Thy Message is the Lord's."

"Great Sultan, may thy people own
The Word of Truth I brought;
In peace I leave you, and *alone*,
Even as your camp I sought."

Lays of Quakerdom

“Escort to *Stamboul* thou shalt have,
 Escort, the best of mine;
I would not, for an hundred lives,
 That harm should come to thine.”

“Ho! Kizlar-Aga, bid thy staff
 Send me a thousand horse!
The Spahis of our yellow flag,
 The boldest of their force;
And bid them hither; *Morah*, bring
 My noble Arab mare;
Brave Christian, *Morah* will be proud
 Courage like thine to bear.”

XXIII.

Moved by his generous words, she said :
 “I thank thee, noble Turk;
I do not need thy men of war
 To do my *Master’s work*;
His arm is underneath me still ;
 He is my staff and guide;
Legions of angels, at His will,
 Shall gather to my side.
Now peace be with you from above ;
 Peace in your councils dwell ;
For in our common FATHER’S love
 I bid you all—farewell!”

She turned, and, meekly and sedate,
 Passed slowly from the tent,
While the great Sultan, where he sate,
 In salutation bent.
Thoughtful, unconscious that his hand

Visit of Mary Fisher

Rested upon his sword,
He sate, revolving in his mind
 The Christian's fearless word.
Lifting his eye, the Crescent's light—
 Kindling above him then—
Flashed inward through its quiet depths.
 And fired his soul again.

XXIV.

Who seek to know, the record tells
 That Quaker, traveling far,
Went peaceful to her English home;
 The Sultan went to war:
And at Vienna's fearful siege,
 On many a dreadful field,
Before the soldiers of the Cross
 Beheld his armies yield;
And, as without, relentless foes
 Humbled his power and pride;
Within, as stormy factions rose,
 Beset on every side,
By Adrianople's mosque, resigned
 His sceptre and his sword;
And dying, pondered in his mind
 That *Message from the Lord.*

XXV.

Two hundred years! The Sultan rests
 Upon his tomb of state;
While *Islam's* Empire rocks around
 Upon the brink of fate.
Beyond the Balkan mountains high
 Its ancient foemen throng;

Lays of Quakerdom

Their drum-note echoes, rolling by,
Lo! "*God is great and strong!*"
Around her lessening lines, and near
The nation's clashing swords,
Repeat in Islam's startled ear:
"*That Message was the LORD'S!*"

XXVI.

Two hundred years! The Quaker sleeps
Within her nameless grave;
But a whole kindred people keeps
Her memory pure and brave.
The while, her "*Faith of Peace and Love.*"
That feebly then began,
Grows with the world's great life to be
The common Faith of man.

+

JAMES PARSELL,
The Quaker Proto-Martyr.

JAMES PARSELL was born in Nottingham, England, of humble parents, but he possessed good abilities and a liberal education.

When GEORGE FOX was imprisoned in Carlisle, in 1653, PARSELL, then in his seventeenth year, was among those who visited the great Quaker in prison, and the result was the conversion of the young visitor to the faith of the Quakers, of which he afterward became an eminent expounder, and for which he was the first martyr.

PARNELL began to preach before he was seventeen years old, and, in pursuance of his mission, went to Cambridge about April, 1655, where he was challenged by the Baptists to public disputation: the fame of his eloquence and power had preceded him.

The meeting was held, but resulted in little discussion and much disturbance, chiefly (according to PARNELL) from "brutish scholars who plotted against me, and from Baptists and Independents who, though bitter enemies to each other, were joined friends against me."

He continued preaching, disputing and exhorting during fourteen days, when he was committed to jail by WILLIAM PICKERING, Mayor of Cambridge, on a charge "of issuing two papers, one against the corruptions of the ministry, and one against the corruption of the magistracy."

They kept him confined, and "tossed from prison to dungeon," during two whole sessions, when, a jury finding nothing against him, he was discharged, with a "pass" under the title of "Rogue," and conducted three miles out of the city. Subsequently he returned to Cambridge, and continued in that vicinity for about six months, preaching to great assemblies of people, and, through opposition and persecution, establishing many in his faith.

From Cambridge he went to Essex, to be present at a "public meeting and fast held at Great Coggeshall by order of the authorities, to counteract the wicked heresies of the Quakers." There he preached and exhorted for about a week to many thousands of people who thronged to hear him, until he was arrested by Justice WAKERING, in the name of the Lord Protector, and committed to the common jail as a mover of seditions, and blasphemer, near the middle of July, 1655.

Here he was closely confined for some weeks and denied all communication with his friends, until the next Chelmsford Assizes, when he was chained beside one suspected of murder, on a chain with five others, where he remained night and day, as they marched through the country to the court, about twenty miles distant.

The people were surprised at his treatment, and the Court, to prevent the expression of any sympathy for him, ordered the irons removed from his hands when he was brought to trial.

He was then arraigned, charged with blasphemy and sedition; and at the trial his old persecutors influenced the judge and jury by malicious statements, to which he was not allowed to reply, and upon his acquittal by the jury, Judge HILLS committed him for contempt of magistracy and priesthood and fined him heavily.

He was then removed to Colchester Castle, and subjected to systematic cruelty and outrages inconceivable to us at this day. Denied a bed, he was obliged to lie on the bare stones of the prison, where, in wet weather, the walls were dripping with water, and during the cold of winter he was almost deprived of clothing, frequently of food, beaten until he was nearly insensible by the jailor and keeper, all his friends denied access to him, and not permitted to relieve his sufferings. He was placed in a "Hole in the wall," which was probably the recess of the window, quite deep, as the walls are nine feet thick. This "recess" was so high from the stone floor, that he was obliged to reach it part way by a ladder, which, being six feet too short, a rope at the upper end aided him to his wretched abode. The keeper would not allow him a basket and string, which his friends desired to furnish, to draw his food up to

him, and he was therefore compelled to ascend the rope with one hand and carry his provisions in the other, which he did with great difficulty, being a person of small stature and feeble frame, much weakened by long exposure and privation.

On one occasion, when attempting to grasp the rope, it eluded his hand, and he fell with great force upon the pavement below, by which he was seriously injured. He was then placed in a recess nearer the ground, and left to die.

His case was powerfully represented to Cromwell's government, and several Quakers offered to lie in his place, but no mitigation of his punishment could be obtained, nor any concession but the admission of two Friends to see him die, but who were refused permission to remove his body, which was buried in the castle-yard by the jailor's assistants.

He died in the spring of 1656, after incredible suffering, when only *nineteen years old*, exhorting his friends to "keep the faith," saying he had "*seen great things*," and beseeching them in his last moments, "*not to hold him: to let him go!*"

So he departed, leaving his name to be numbered with those who in all ages have lived, and labored, and suffered *for the spiritual emancipation of man*.

JAMES PARNELL,
The Quaker Proto-Martyr.

T was June; her bloom and beauty
Then the queenly month displayed,
And in her rich robes of summer
All the joyous earth arrayed.
Now the Quaker, near his homestead,
In the woodland, on the hill,
Stood beside the stream proclaiming
All its mission to the mill.
Busy, down beneath the chestnuts,
By the meadows green and still,
There, the willows, o'er the water—
Loving patrons of the stream—
Bend to see it run and ramble,
Or to watch it sleep and dream;
Never weary of its music,
Glad to hear it sing along;
All their lines of grace and beauty
Waving plaudits of the song.
But the statelier beech and maple
To the hill-side group withdrew,
Where the old oak, vast and rugged,
In his simple grandeur grew.
There the pines, with solemn voices,
Speak the oracles of Fate,
And the walnuts, like old warders,
Guard the arch-way of the gate;
And the spectral Lombard poplars,
Stately as old gaunts stand,
Wasting, with the woes of exile,
Slowly, in a foreign land;

Lays of Quakerdom

While the aspen, all a-tremble
With a trouble never told,
Seeks the sweet acacia, swaying
With its fringing bloom of gold :
And the elms above the threshold
Drape the old and mossy eaves ;
And the maples feel the sunlight
Streaming on their silver leaves.

Now, beneath the stately arches
Of the old boughs, high and wide,
Southward, as the morning marches,
Shifting to the shaded side,
Calm and happy sat the Quaker,
With his ample forehead bare,
Silent, in the softened sunlight,
And the balmy summer air ;
Listening to the ringing laughter
Of his daughter, young and fair :
While the mother sat, serenely
Smiling in maternal pride
At the elder brother, kneeling
On the green grass by her side.
With a tender, reverent feeling
Gazed he on her placid face,
Where the spirits, outward looking,
Had the sweet and quiet grace
Of a strong soul, gathered inward
From the storm of worldly strife,
Never shaken, never drifting
From the centre of its life.
At her feet the mastiff lying,
Stretched upon his grassy bed,

James Parnell

Held the younger brother resting,
Pillowed on his stately head.

Now the children, grouped in stillness
Round their father's ample chair,
Waited for another story,
Promised when they gathered there;
How young PARNELL preached and suffered
For the holy cause of Truth;
And, a captive, poor and lonely,
Perished in his early youth.
How, within his narrow prison,
In Colchester's castle-wall,
Died the *first of Quaker martyrs*,
And the youngest of them all.

"Autumn, o'er the land of England,
Saw the fields of ripening corn,
Waiting for the reaper's sickle,
Waving in the breath of morn.
And it saw a holier harvest;
For the mighty MASTER then
Bade HIS own anointed reapers
Gather in the souls of men.
Lo! the fields were white already,
But the laborers were few;
And some trembled as they entered
On that service, high and new.
Some there were who, strong and steady,
Trod the narrow line of right;
Shining, in an age of darkness,
Sons and daughters of the light.
One there was, a youth, and noble,

Lays of Quakerdom

Though he came of humble blood,
Who, with manhood's high endurance,
At his post of duty stood.
Frail of form, and fair in feature,
On his face the bloom of youth
Blended with the beauty breaking
Outward from a soul of truth.
Learned he was, and filled with wisdom,
Sweet and eloquent of tongue;
And the thronging people marveled
At the power of one so young.
To them, all around him swaying
On the still mid-summer morn,
Much he spake of that old Gospel
To these latter ages borne.
Much he reasoned, much disputed
With the vast and heaving crowd,
Which a furious priesthood troubled
By its scorning fierce and loud:
'Hear ye how this fellow raileth
In the very house of prayer?
Shall the Church of God be sacred?
Are not *we* his servants there?
See! this man defiles the altar:
At your peril hear ye him.' "

.

Then the people, drunk with passion,
Surged upon him, fierce and grim;
But he held their rage suspended
By the simple power of truth;
Till, from awe, were some who listened,
Some, from pity of his youth.

James Parnell

Then his manly voice ascended
O'er the slow-subsiding din;
And he spake with power and freedom
Of the "GLORIOUS LIGHT WITHIN."
Lo! this is the CHRIST, the TEACHER!
He will teach you of HIS ways:
This is that out-pouring SPIRIT
Promised in these latter days.
Now the old shall dwell in visions,
And the young shall prophesy;
And ye all may feel, ye people,
That the power of GOD is nigh;
Nigh, within your hearts and spirits,
As the great Apostle said:
Save in fearful sin and trespass
Ye be reprobate and dead.
Think you, in your steeple houses
God's eternal presence stands?
Nay! HE dwelleth not in temples
Made by any human hands.
But your bodies are HIS temples,
And HIS holy Church is one:
Every soul redeemed becometh
In its walls a living stone;
And HIS SPIRIT now ordaineth
Preachers of His word again
Not your priesthood, formed and fashioned
By the carnal wills of men;
Prophets who divine for money,
Preachers who do preach for hire;
And GOD's judgments shall consume them,
Like the "chaff before the fire."
Then the angry priests and rulers

Lays of Quakerdom

Cried again, in greater wrath :
“ Shall this babbler and blasphemer
Linger longer in your path ? ”

But the people were divided,
Tossed and heaving to and fro ;
Some believed an evil spirit
Sought them, from the realms below.
Some believed a prophet risen,
With the power of ancient days ;
These, amid the wild commotion,
Stood in silent awe and praise.

One, a maiden, with her tresses
From her fair face backward flung ;
With clasped hands, and pale lips parted,
Ever on his accents hung ;
And a matron, on whom rested
Some great sorrow’s sombre hue,
Stood in light, as one illumined
By a glorious hope, and new ;
And a white haired peasant murmured,
Bowed by labor and by years,
As his hard hand from the furrows
Of his rough face brushed the tears,
“ Lo ! mine eyes have seen THY glory ;
Now I wait for my release ;
In my day THY Gospel liveth ;
Let THY servant rest in peace . ”
Thoughtful, with his bare arms folded
On his broad and brawny breast,
Stood a stalwart yeoman, kindling
With a dawning hope of rest.

James Parnell

"Can this be the day of promise?
Will the Thousand Years begin?
Shall this prophet, born among us,
Bring that glorious promise in?"

"Tut! man! but he has a devil,"
Growled an old and surly boor.
"Devils do not," said another,
"Preach the Gospel to the poor."
"Have our herdsmen grown to prophets?"
Asked a proud and haughty dame.
"Few of old," the matron answered,
"Of the great and noble came."
"When ye follow this man's teaching,"
Said a townsman, worldly wise,
"Ye shall see our nation's greatness
Sinking never more to rise."

While among themselves disputing,
Some in anger, rude and loud;
As, his present mission ended,
Slowly PARNELL left the crowd,
Then one Justice WAKERING to him
In hot haste and passion came,
Saying roughly, "I arrest you
In the Lord Protector's name;
For you do but sow seditions
Where your wicked railings fall."
Nothing moved, he only answered,
"So TERTULLUS said of PAUL."

Then they led him to their prison—
To that dismal den of sin;

Lays of Quakerdom

He, so pure and young and simple,
 Thurst with thieves and felons in.
Where a brutal herd around him
 With low scoff and cursing came,
Jest obscene and ribald laughter,
 Seeming lost to fear or shame.
“Heigh oh! who *is* this new comer?”
 Said one, ruder than the rest.
“Room, ye gentles! room and welcome
 For a new and stately guest.
Ha! what have we here? a Quaker!
 Quake, ye culprits! quake for fear.
Come, Sir Preacher, give ‘s a sermon;
 Marry! much we need it here.”
“Silence!” growled a burly felon;
 “Let that puny boy alone.
Can your coward hearts discover
 No arms equal to your own?”
Then the Quaker saw the tumult
 Into savage brawling break;
But, intrepid, sweet, and earnest,
 In their very midst he spake:

“Men and brethren, poor and sinful,
 Wanderers from the way of right,
Have ye nothing left to live for,
 But to swear, and brawl, and fight?
Though ye seem of *men* forsaken,
 God is dwelling near to you,
And *He* seeth, with your evil,
 All the little good ye do.
Ever in your souls HIS SPIRIT
 With your sinful purpose strives;

James Parnell

And HE seeketh thus to win you
 Back to better, happier lives.
Listen to HIS holy teaching,
 Ere your cups of woe be full :
'Though your sins are as the scarlet,
 HE will make them white as wool.'
To your low estates HE bringeth
 Power and pity from above,
Greater than all human mercy,
 Stronger than all human love.
Some among ye may remember
 When ye walked in purer ways ;
Or beside your mothers prattled,
 In your childhood's happy days.
Ye must now become as children,
 And your better lives begin ;
Then these outward bonds shall vanish,
 And your stronger bonds within :'

Low and clear through all the prison
 Fell his sweet and simple word,
And the astonished felons round him
 Ceased their brawling as they heard.
Some with half-clenched hands suspended
 Held them from the brutal blow ;
Some, by gentle accents melted,
 Bowed in silent sorrow low.
Some did weep to feel upon them
 Swift and crowning memories come ;
Life mis-spent, its treasures wasted ;
 Love and peace, and hope and home.
"Is it?" said that burly felon,
 With his tears upon his cheeks,

Lays of Quakerdom

Quivering lip and utterance broken,
 "Is it man or angel speaks?"
Some unmoved and stony hearted
 Shrunk to angles of the room;
Still, but sullen and defiant,
 Crouching in their native gloom.
While the Quaker, calm and peaceful,
 By the heavenly presence blest,
Stretched him on his prison pallet,
 To a sweet, unbroken rest.

In that gloomy jail, and loathsome,
 Many a weary week he lay;
Then they led him to his trial,
 Led him with their thieves away.
In the felons' gang they chained him,
 With the vilest of the vile;
Side by side along the highway
 Thus they traveled many a mile.
From the base and cruel thraldom,
 Unreleased by day or night,
Worn and weary in the body,
 But in spirit strong and bright.
So they came to ancient Chelmsford,
 Where in irons, day by day,
Waiting for the near assizes,
 In the common jail he lay.

Now with deepening tints the autumn
 Touched the old majestic wood,
And the sylvan kings enfolded
 In their dying drapery stood,
Impotent as some old giant,

James Parnell

Shorn of all his fiery hair.
Bald and round the sun ascended
Through the still and misty air,
With his bonds of wreathing vapor
Struggling for his summer sway;
But pale flower and leaf enfeebled
Felt his power had passed away.

Sadder than the waning season
Grew each manly spirit then;
Colder, darker than the vapors
Bigotries enshrouded men.
To their court they led the Quaker,
In his iron fetters bound;
As he passed the people wondered
At the clanking shackles' sound.
"Is this man among the felons?
He so simple and so good;
Though he be a canting Quaker,
Are his hands imbrued in blood?"
Thus the pitying people murmured
At such outrage in their land,
Till the judges bade the jailer
Strike the shackles from his hand.

Then his cruel foes arraigned him,
Charged with great and grievous crimes;
Heresies and dread seditions,
Fearful in their turbid times.
"Much," they said, "he taught the people,
From the Church to set them free;
And with deep and fierce invective
Spake against the powers that be."

Lays of Quakerdom

Round the judge each persecutor
Whispered his malicious word,
And against him court and jury
With their savage hatred stirred.
Friend or counsel they denied him,
And his simple right to speak;
Lone he stood, and undefended,
Like his MASTER, still and meek.

Then the jury found him guiltless;
But the judge in anger spake,
Saying, "This man and his people
Every law and ritual break.
For his bold contempt of rulers,
And his scoff at things divine,
We commit him at discretion
To imprisonment and fine!"
Silent PARNELL heard the sentence,
But he looked so calm and high,
As they led him back to prison,
There to linger and to die!
O'er Colchester Castle's threshold
Then he entered to his doom;
When again he passed the portal,
Passed he to his nameless tomb.

Oh! it was a shame and sorrow,
When in *England* people saw
Men for conscience sake imprisoned,
In the name of GOD and law.
They have learned a better lesson
In these latter days of light,
When the noble English *people*

Champion Europe for the right.
Still Colchester's Castle turrets
 Old and gray in Essex stand;
Still in feudal isolation,
 Frowning o'er the cultured land,
'Leagured by those old besiegers,
 Winter's wind and summer's rain;
While around, the peaceful reapers
 Sing upon the wide domain;
Undisturbed the ivy clammers
 Over all the massive towers,
And along the moat and rampart
 Sporting children hide in flowers.

But within the same old prison
 Yawns amid perpetual gloom,
With insatiate jaws of granite,
 Dismal as a living tomb.
Since the old days when the Romans
 Held them with imperial sway,
In these walls had many a captive
 Breathed his wretched life away.
Here the loyal LUCAS perished,
 And the brave and noble LLISLE;
What time FAIRFAX with his Round-heads
 Tramped along the castle aisle.
But of all the noble number,
 Who the coming death defied,
Never one like PARNELL suffered,
 Never one like PARNELL died.

When the winter winds were sweeping
 Round the castle's massive walls,

Lays of Quakerdom

Shrieking in at grated casements,
Howling through the antique halls ;
In the vast and vaulted chambers,
Ever sighing, faint and low ;
Through the close and dismal dungeons,
Wailing dirge-like, sad and slow ;
Still in mournful cadence blending,
Like a mighty human moan,
As of spirits, yet imprisoned
In the huge and solid stone ;
With the woes of all its victims
So the castle seemed to groan.

Sick and sleepless PARNELL lying
Through the mid-night's chill and gloom,
In the winter's sullen summons,
Heard his own approaching doom.
Months had passed : no hope of pardon
To the patient prisoner came,
Though to rulers many a pleader
Spake his sufferings and his name.
Never was such intercession
Made for any in that day ;
Of his people some did proffer
In his very stead to stay.
But the rulers' hearts were hardened,
For the land was filled with strife,
And the dread of civil warfare
Cheapened every human life.

So they heeded not the Quaker,
Who with steadfast faith and love
Bade his suffering people gather

James Parnell

Strength and counsel from above.
All the while his persecutors
Seemed in every torment skilled,
And the jailer and the keeper
With a fiendish fury filled.
Now with brutal stripes they beat him ;
Now his food they bore away,
Till in sickness, starved and bleeding,
On the stony floor he lay.
Couch and raiment then denied him,
Though his parting hour seemed nigh ;
Friends and kindred all excluded,
Thus they left him there to die.

But yet unsubdued, his spirit,
With a calm and mighty will,
Held the body's failing pulses,
Beating in their channels still :
Beating weaker, beating slower,
As the great soul, day by day,
With a sense of power and triumph,
Kept the gloomy king at bay.
Thus in that tremendous conflict
Wore his last long night away.

Morning came: it cometh slowly
Through the gloom of prison bars,
When all night the captive keepeth
His lone vigil of the stars.
Morning came, and over England
Brought the vapors on the breeze,
With a lazy motion rolling
Inward from the circling seas ;

Lays of Quakerdom

Onward, upward slowly drifting,
Folding round the castle wall;
Swathing massive tower and turret,
Dense and heavy, like a pall;
Driving through the prison grating,
With a keen and cutting chill,
Where, amid the shivering dampness
PARNELL lay, so weak and still;
While around the heavy vapor,
(Piercing feeble nerve and bone),
Drop by drop, condensed and trickled
Down the cold and flinty stone.
In the stifling air the martyr
Slower drew his laboring breath,
And upon his pallid forehead
Lay the heavy dews of death.

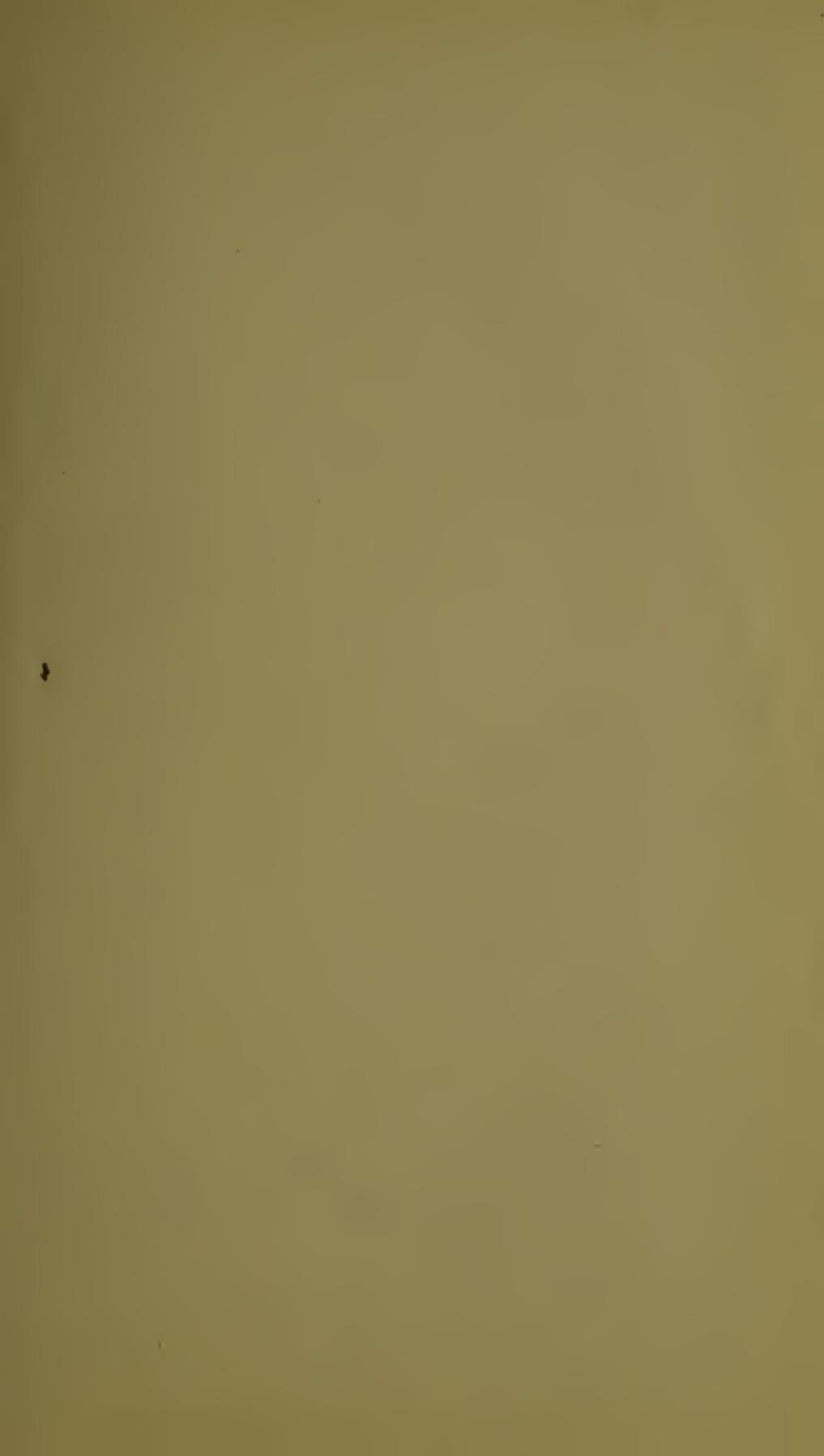
Then to soothe his parting moments
Loving friends in stillness came,
Whom his cruel foes admitted
To his cell, for very shame.
On the old familiar faces
Sweetly fell his dying smile,
As he said, "I linger with you
But a very little while;
Keep the faith and fight the battle,
For the crown awaits you: lo!
I behold the glory breaking!
DO NOT HOLD ME!—LET ME GO!"

Then they seemed to see the prison
With a sudden radiance bright,
As from some transcendent presence,

James Parnell

Passing in a flood of light;
And amid the awful splendor,
Each pale watcher held his breath;
But within the gloom returning
Stood that mighty victor—DEATH!

So he perished—that young martyr:
Save his people, few beside
Of the busy world remember
That he ever lived or died.
But a true man lives forever
In the great heart of the race,
With a slow but certain justice,
Finding his appointed place.
And in that time when the peoples
Shall recall their great and true,
And the dead of all the ages
Summon to that high review;
When the world shall seek its jewels,
For the Future's glorious crown,
And the hand of higher manhood
Write each noble story down;
In that swiftly-coming era,
When it calls the splendid roll
Of all those who lived and suffered
For the freedom of the soul;
Then in that time with the jewels,
And in answer to the call,
Shall appear the youthful martyr
Of Colchester's Castle-wall.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 165 578 8